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No. 42

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, October 9.

The Dominion Government will send Mr. Le Mieur, Minister for Labour, to Japan to negotiate the restriction of immigration of Japanese into Canada.

The cholera has assumed alarming proportions at Tokio. There have been nineteen fresh cases recently.

Very friendly speeches have been exchanged between the Sultan and Mr. Regnault.

The latter hoped that the Sultan would succeed in restoring order and assuring the security of commerce.

The Sultan replied hoping for France's kindly support towards providing the means leading to the easier accomplishment of reforms.

Hostile tribesmen attacked a French force, protecting friendly tribesmen near Ujda.

The French lost four killed and wounded.

The tribesmen's losses were heavy.

London, October 11.

The latest reports from Azerdijan border state that the Turkish forces still hold position within about two miles of Lake Urmia.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has slightly improved though the higher temperature and cough continue.

He attends the business as usual.

Sir George Warrender has been gazetted aide-de-camp to the King.

London, October 12.

The Times Teheran correspondent telegraphs that the Shah has signed a constitution which limits the sovereign prerogatives and authority of the priesthood and grants liberty of conscience, of education, of the press, of association and of speech.

London, October 13.

The Porte, replying to the Persian Ambassador, denied the violation of territory and declared that the entire Baradosh district was Ottoman territory.

Persia is alarmed at the concentration of Turkish troops at Hanchin which is interpreted as threatening fresh incursions.

London, October 12.

The King and Queen of Spain have postponed their impending visit to Vienna indefinitely. This is regarded as an indication that the Emperor Francis Joseph's condition is more serious than is admitted.

The Emperor Francis Joseph's temperature is high, his appetite, is slight, but his cough is less.

London, October 13.

The condition of the Emperor Francis Joseph last evening was less favourable. Coughing disturbs his sleep and fever is intermittent.

London, October 12.

The Italian Minister of Marine, in an interview, stated that he

intends to propose an extensive naval programme amounting to ten millions sterling which will include the construction of four large battleships.

Serious floods have occurred in the Turin district. Three persons have been drowned.

Gas strikers at Milan violently attacked the substitutes and the stores. Three Carabinieri, who were sent to quell the disturbance, fired, wounding seven, one seriously.

London, October 13.

The cruisers *Tennessee* and *Washington* have left Hampton for the Pacific, inaugurating the battleship cruise. They will sail round the coast of South America to Magdalena Bay where they will manoeuvre with the cruisers *California* and *South Dakota*.

The steamer *Cypress* foundered in a terrific storm on Lake Superior. There was one survivor. Twenty-two were drowned.

London, October 12.

It is announced from Ottawa that Mr. King, Deputy Minister of Labour, will proceed immediately to Vancouver to settle the riot claims, all of which will be dealt with generously.

Mr. Pope, Under-Secretary of State, accompanies Mr. LeMieur to Japan.

Some 516 Hindus arrived at Vancouver in a steamer yesterday, and 181 have been rejected as not possessing sufficient funds and as having physical defects.

London, October 14.

M. Regnault is in constant conference with the Vizier and Foreign Minister and Mulai Hafid.

A force under Mulai Ragshid is plundering the tribes who have submitted to the French.

The Times states that France and Spain are about to issue a joint circular to the Powers stating that the Sultan has ceded to them the right of policing the Moroccan coast and waters against contraband.

Mulai Hafid's envoys called at the Foreign Office but were not admitted.

London, October 14.

The price of wheat in England is 33s. 3d. per quarter.

It has risen in average 4s. since the 1st October and 7s. since the 1st September and is still rising. This portends exceptionally dear bread during the coming winter.

The rise in price is attributed to the smallness of the English yield and the pooriness of foreign crops and the failure of the area of supply to extend commensurately with the world's demands.

The balloon *Mammoth* left the Crystal Palace on Saturday towards Russia and broke the overseas long distance record descending yesterday evening at Asmail in West Sweden.

The car was empty, the three aeronauts having escaped three hours previously in a Swedish village by sliding down the guide rope.

The car was badly damaged.

A tragic incident occurred in the French floods at Emille, Las Bains, near Perpignan, on Saturday night. The river invaded a villa, of which the seven occupants took refuge on the roof. They succeeded in attracting attention but the torrent was impassable. The villa gradually crumbled and all were drowned before a helpless crowd.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One of the most difficult matters for the mind of man, untutored by the Spirit, to understand is the correlation of the two ideas, forgiveness and punishment. If a sin is punished, and its natural consequences of pain and sorrow are borne, what room is left for forgiveness? On the other hand, if a sin is forgiven, what is the need for the infliction of punishment? This confusion of ideas breeds very strange results at times. We find so called Christians apparently quite regardless of their own sinful actions, and giving as an excuse that Jesus has borne the punishment for sin, the whole thing is accomplished, what need to worry about the consequences of their peccadillos? Others, more serious minded, find a real cause for stumbling in the fact that repentance and forgiveness are not followed in actual life by a removal or prevention of the natural consequences of wrong doing. A man had lived a life of dissipation, and repented only short time before he was called upon to leave the world in which he had spent his time so ill. His repentance was sincere, his conviction of God's forgiveness sure, but his children had to bear the consequences of his life of sin in age-long poverty and ill health.

The eldest son was an earnest thoughtful man, and this situation preplexed him so that he was almost driven to despair. "What is the meaning" he would say "of Jesus bearing the punishment for sins, if man has to bear it too?"

When Moses was pleading with God in behalf of the people of Israel, he said "The Lord is long suffering and full of mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression, and by no means clearing the guilty, visiting the iniquity of the father's upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." The words "the guilty" are not found in the Hebrew and this makes the two ideas stand out more boldly than ever. "Forgiving iniquity"—"Visiting iniquity." How can the two be reconciled? And yet this seems to have been no problem to the mind of Moses. It seemed to him most natural that the same one should forgive and punish.

Christian experience teaches us that, in point of fact, sin has a double consequence, part of which is removed at once by the act of repentance and forgiveness, the other is not removed except as it burns itself out in the great purging furnace of natural law. Sin separates between the sinner and his God. In this condition of separation, his sinful acts multiply, and the awful consequences of bodily and mental corruption begin to heap up. The sinner doubts God, and his pain works hatred in his heart. His children and his children's children are a part of him, and they share in his pitiable plight.

Now, here is where the work of our Saviour begins. He first bridges the rapidly growing gulf between selfish man and unselfish God. Man will not and cannot understand

God; therefore God deigns to explain Himself to man. Accepting Christ means primarily coming to understand God. Who can measure the suffering involved in this act of condescension on the part of one whom we have deserted, and then blamed with deserting us?

The second work that Christ accomplishes is the planting in us of a power by which we shall resist further impulses to sin, and thus the natural consequences will of themselves cease upon the passing away of the causes.

In one way we say that *all* sin is forgiven. And in another we may say that *no* sin is forgiven. It depends upon the way we look at it. The attitude of our Father is one of infinite love. His wisdom has dictated a plan for the universe by which consequences follow causes as certainly as He himself is true.

SONGS OF THE HEART.

BY L.V.S.P.

I

A strong and cadenced harmony,
A bright and sparkling melody,
With note that dance as ripples lave
And sounds that tinkle like the wave;
The song rang on with pleasures rife—
"How glad it is, how bright is life!"
The song that did the heart employ,
Is the gladdest, youngest song of joy.

II

A low and plaintive symphony,
Imploring notes of agony,
A minor, modulated cry
In which all music seemed to die—
A broken measure—sobs and sighs,
A falling scale of sounds, it lies
And breathes, "How can I suffer so!"
'Tis the song of sorrow, soft and low.

III

The minor tones and major notes,
The ringing cord still fuller floats,
The low and high, the strong and sweet
Are mingled, and in one they meet—
A new and deeper song they make;
They sing, "It was all for Thy dear sake."
The song that cost the greatest price
Is the sweetest song of sacrifice.

THE NIGHT.

BY L. S. P.

"Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?"

The night is dark, a darkness darker than mid-night is over the heathen nation. It is not only the natural night when evil, murder and strife stalk abroad, but there is a deeper, darker darkness that is within the heathen heart. It is like the night God speaks of in Exodus 12:42, "It is a night to be much observed" both for its great darkness and for the great deliverance the Lord has in store for it. May we, who dwell in the light, not be so blinded with the effulgence of the glory of the gospel, but look upon that for which the light shineth, even the darkness of the night of heathendom. What will we see?

1. "Weeping may endure for a night." And sad weeping it is too and a long night. A piteous weeping, a weeping of the children of India, who are without help and without hope. A little girl of only ten is weeping; she is most pitiable object, can hardly stand and is almost a skeleton. Her poor little body is bruised and cut from head to foot, and why is this? There are little blisters all over her body which have been caused by the application of burning matches; her thumb is severely sprained, because one day she could not lift a heavy pot of rice from the fire and her mother-in-law twisted her thumb until it nearly broke. Her teeth are broken, caused by a stone hurled into her face by her husband only a few years older than herself; her foot is bruised because a hammer was taken and brought severely down on the foot that would not move quick enough to do the bidding of another:—what bitter weeping!

2. "My sore ran in the night." Psalm 77:2. Not only a physical putrid, corrupting mass of flesh, brought about by the night orgies but their heart before God is the very symbol of a living death. A missionary was delighted when one day a young and beautiful native girl in South India was brought to the school to be taught by them in anything and everything they desired. This young girl was bright and clever; she learned quickly and the parents were so anxious to have her thoroughly educated. They wanted her to read, and read well; they wanted her to learn mathematics and to recite poetry, nothing was to be spared, even the Scripture lessons were given her that she might be well educated.

There came a time after she had greatly progressed that she did not come so often, and when she did she would tell the missionaries of other things she was learning outside of their teaching, and these things were pretty songs, but, —the horror of the words. They were most wicked, full of sensuality and replete with the basest thoughts. Why had

this young and beautiful girl been taught so fully? Not that she might become an honored loved wife and mother and bring up children to know God, but that she might bring a greater price to her parents from the one that would bid the highest for her body; and her soul would be lost. Is not this too vile a sore to be uncovered in the light of this day? Yes, the "sore ran in the night."

3. "The terror by night." Psalm 91:5. Even the religion of these heathen nations can be so called. It is a terror to them instead of bringing, as to us peace, joy and comfort. They serve their gods from fear. Their acts of devotion are prompted by terror and they propitiate their gods because they (the gods) bring hell so near them. At a recent pilgrimage to a sacred place in India great sacrifices were made. The women had beautiful hair which they prized greatly, shaved, and threw it into a sacred stream. Another took all her treasures, and as she was about to cast it away a man came and snatched it from her.

4. "The night cometh when no man can work." It does not say that a man will not work, but that he cannot work, for the occasion is past, the time is gone, and a deep night of the darkness of lost opportunities will close about that soul who *observes* this night and does nothing else, but *observe*. Within the next five years the Sudan will have been thoroughly evangelized by Mohammedans. Colleges are being endowed and from a large city in Egypt, Islam is sending forth five hundred missionaries a year to the interior of the Sudan, and at this rate every post will be occupied by the enemy and "no man can work." What does God require of us? What work shall we do?

At the time when the city of God was lying in ruins God put it upon the heart of one to rebuild it, Nehemiah obeyed.

(a) "And I arose in the night.....and I went out by night." Neh. 2:12,13. Go into this night. It is for this that God has enlightened your own soul and has made you a vessel with a torch within. The vessel may break, but if it breaks at God's command the light that shines forth will never be extinguished. (b) "By night stand.....lift up your hands." Psalm 134:1,2. This is a call for earnest, importunate prayer, and this is a call by which every one, who names the name of Jesus, no matter their circumstances, can respond. This is a call that is being sounded through Christendom, but we fear lest the call to prayer and the meetings for prayer should simply end there, and that those who pray will only pray at stated times or in certain places instead of letting the shadow of this deep, dark night so overwhelm them that they themselves could not live, unless they prayed. Oh, that God would baptise His children into the depths of prayer, that they might pray His prayer which brings light, and life!

The last chapter in Scripture gives us hope and joy, even as we look into this terrible darkness, for it says,



"There shall be no light there." Rev. 22:5. Where God is, and where we shall be when we have fulfilled all His highest will for us, will be a place of light. "No night there." Where God calls us now it will be light, for the path of obedience shines brightly, and then we have the promise of the fulfillment of all our desires, for there shall come a time, when there will be "No night."

We may study sin and God's forgiveness of it as interpreted by human analogies and be assured that we are pursuing a true and safe way, but how much of truth will escape our formulas! It is God who forgives! and we have an instinctive feeling that there are depths in his pardon which show no recognizable elements in human mercy. It is God who loves! and even the purest and noblest human love fails to image the glory of the divine. It is God who suffers! and the plummet of man's grief drops but a little way in the abyss of that agony. The cross of Christ must perforce be interpreted by human experience, as this affords us our only insight into its meaning, but the power of the cross lies in those depths and heights which transcend experience. All that we see gives us a sense of the unseen, and what brings the penitent to his knees, and then lifts him up and sends him on his way with exceeding joy, is not the clearness of his knowledge, but the compelling consciousness that there are abysses of sorrow which he cannot fathom, and vast ranges of grace which tower where his thought may not climb.

—Dinsmore: *Atonement in Literature and Life.*

WHAT MIGHT BE.

If every one were kind and sweet,
And every one were jolly,
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should murmur or complain,
And every one should labour
In useful work, and each were fain
To help and cheer his neighbour—
For you and me, just you and me!
Then what a blessed world 'twould be,
And if, perhaps, we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I, just you and I,
Should smile and never worry;
If we should grow, just you and I,
Kinder and sweeter-hearted—
Perhaps in some near by-and-by
That good time might get started;
Then what a blessed world 'twould be,
For you and me just you and me!

—The Christian Life.

THE TRIP OF SCOTLAND.

I don't understand it," said Enid to her sister Helen; "you seem happier than you were before. I always thought good people never got any fun in life."

A mission had just closed in the little village of Sladewell, and among those who had enlisted under the Master's banner was Helen Douglas, the squire's eldest daughter.

She had made no secret of the fact, and had told out in her home what God had done for her, and that now her life was to be run on new lines in the service of Christ.

The squire had expressed his displeasure in no measured terms, brothers had ridiculed as only brothers can, and Enid, her younger sister, had pleaded with her not to be "unlike other girls."

But Helen stood firm, and too gladly did she take the opportunity of telling her sister what joy she found in following Christ, and from that day forward her prayer was more earnest that Enid might accept her Saviour.

It was not long before the answer came, and the two sisters were one in their desire to live "not unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them."

"If only father knew our Saviour," Enid would often say.

"Yes," said Helen, "and I believe he soon will. Shall we ask one or two friends to join us in prayer for him?"

So a small but faithful band daily brought one soul "into the midst before Jesus."

One beautiful morning in July Mr. Douglas and his daughters sat at breakfast together.

"This heat makes one long for a sea breeze," he said, opening the door as an invitation to any passing breath of air. "How would you girls like the yacht got ready, and to have a trip up to Scotland?"

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Helen and Enid in chorus. "How soon can we start, father?"

"Well, I'll send down the order to-day. In a week we might be off," replied Mr. Douglas.

Hasty preparations were made, and sure enough, at the end of the week, the trio found themselves on board the *Seagull*, with just the right breeze blowing to help them on their way north.

"Enid," said Helen one day as the two sat together on deck, "I've been thinking about our crew, and wondering if we couldn't sing some hymns with them, or have a service for them sometimes."

"What a splendid idea!" said Enid enthusiastically. "How would it be if we had prayers with them in the mornings?"

Mr. Douglas having been consulted on this point made no objection, and the next morning all who could be spared gathered together for a short service.

A bright hymn was chosen, a chapter of the Bible

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read, on which Helen spoke for a few minutes, and prayer was offered.

The men came to quite enjoy the half-hour, and were always in their places and ready with their choice of a hymn.

And each day the message reached one who was not seen at the morning gathering.

Mr. Douglas, moved more by curiosity than any other impulse, sat with his cabin door open, and not one word escaped him.

In due course "bonnie Scotland" was reached, and a few days on land was suggested to make a change in the programme.

"Just the day for a drive!" said Mr. Douglas, as he looked out over the moors. "Helen, you will come?"

"Yes, certainly, father," replied Helen. "You will like a dog-cart, won't you? then we can drive ourselves."

Mr Douglas seemed strangely silent that day. He had spent much time in thinking during the past few days; truth to tell, God was speaking clearly and distinctly to him—and he was listening.

"What a pretty picture those sheep make!" at last exclaimed Helen, as they drove near a large flock tended by a shepherd. "Look, father, he is counting them," she continued, as the man stood at a gate noting each as it went through.

Then an old story was repeated. One was lost, and the shepherd, calling his dog, went in search of it.

It was not "far away," however, this time, and was soon safely folded with the others.

"Oh! father," said Helen, deeply moved, "we can't look at that man and not be reminded of the Good Shepherd seeking the one sheep that is lost, can we?"

Mr. Douglas made no answer; and as Helen turned to look at him, she saw the tears rolling down his face.

"I'm the lost sheep," at last he sobbed. "May the Good Shepherd find me, here and now." And there in the open road Mr. Douglas cried to God for salvation.

So it came to pass that another prayer was answered, another soul was brought into the kingdom.

"Yes," said Mr. Douglas, as he sat that evening with his two daughters, all now of one accord, "I remember, two years ago, how clearly God spoke to me one day. It was the day of Queen Victoria's Jubilee procession. I then looked back over fifty years, when I had seen her coronation procession, thought of all the good she had done, and what a wasted life mine had been. From that day I have tried to do better, but not one moment's peace have I had till to-night, and now I know I am at peace with God, and can sing from my heart, as you sang on the yacht—

Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole."

"We must have that hymn the first morning we are back on the yacht," said Enid, "and perhaps some other stray sheep may find their way into the fold."

CONSTANCE RUSPINI.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

"Let your light shine." This is not the text, but the sermon. It preaches itself. It has no need of amplifying.

"Let your light shine." How much, Lord? Just what is intrusted to you, whether much or little. Sometimes a light may be lent us—lent for only a little while. And still of this the Master says: "Let your light shine." The planets all shine with borrowed light; yet when did a planet ever refuse to do its duty because the light it reflected was not its own!

"Let your light shine." Why, Lord? "That others may see." Sometimes we act as though we thought the light intrusted us was for our own pleasure or convenience. But who ever heard of a lighthouse built for the benefit of the keeper? It is built to help those far out on the dangerous sea; built to guide them who seldom give a thought to him. Yet he never grows sensitive over the fact that he is forgotten. He bravely does his work; obeys his command, which is: "Let your light shine."

"Let your light shine." How far, Lord? "As far as your light will extend." Along the seaman's pathway are many lighthouses. One here, another there, making a safe, plain path for the ship. Not one lighthouse doing the work of another, yet not one independent of the other. Just so I must hold my light where I am standing; you, a little farther, will hold your light. And thus a world can be lighted, and not one wayfarer need be lost—Ex.

ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY.

Some years ago the United States Government was discussing the feasibility of putting a lighthouse at a certain point off the coast of Florida. The government sent out letters to several commanders, asking their opinion regarding the place. One said, "I think it is safe." Another said, "Perhaps there ought to be a lighthouse there." And so the letters ran on, but none of them stating anything definite. By and by they came to a letter which read, "I know there is danger there, for I have touched the bottom there!" That settled it; the lighthouse was built. So God's Word comes to us—not with "perhapses" and "guesses" and "maybes," but with certainties; and it proposes that every human being should have in his soul absolute certainty of divine realities.

Who kneels before the King

In true surrender,

May lift his loyal head,

A brave defender.



IMMORTAL CHARACTER.

The finest fruit of Bible influence is still in character. Christianity had scarcely opened its first buds before the heathen world began to say, "What women these Christians have!" We might add and to-day, "What men! What little children!" No other faith had ever laid such stress upon probity, chastity, benevolence. Human life, wherever one sees it, in the kraal or in the igloo, has something divine about it, something pathetic. But only under the power of religion does it develop that symmetry, restraint and sacrifice which are its moral perfections.

OUR INFLUENCE.

As "no man liveth unto himself," so no man sinneth unto himself; and every vagrant habit uprooted from the young and ignorant, every principle of duty strengthened, every encouragement to reform offered, and right preserved in—is casting a shield of safety over the property, life, peace, and every other true interest of the community; so that it may be said of this most emphatically, as of every duty of man, "Knowing these things happy are ye if ye do them."

Away, then, with your expensive follies! and you will not have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families. For, as Poor Dick says,

Woman and Wine, Game and Deceit,

Make the Wealth small, and the Wants great. And farther, What maintains one vice, would bring up two children.

You may think, perhaps, that, a little tea, or a little punch, now and then; diet, a little more costly; clothes, a little finer; and a little entertainment, now and then; can be no great matter. But remember what *Poor Richard* says, *Many a Little makes a Mickle*; and farther, *Beware of little expenses! a small leak will sink a great ship*; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove!* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

—FRANK LIN: *Poor Richards Almanac.*

Life is short, yet it is short enough to take the longest journey. Sirius and the sun are not so far apart as are a man in sin and a man in Christ. If one should go from Sirius to the sun, he would find the same things, the same elements, the same gases, the same forces; but you go from the world of sin to the universe of Christ, and you find wholly different things; you have crossed chasms infinitely deep and broad. "If any man is in Christ, there is a new creation," as the margin of the American Revision gives it. And that is the longest journey we can make in life.

The Sunday School Times (March 14, 1903).

O Thou great Shepherd of Israel, who, by thine outstretched arm, didst bring Thy people of old out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage, guiding them safely through the wilderness to the promised land; We pray Thee to deliver us from the bondage and slavery of our sins, and so to lead us through the wilderness of this world, feeding us with bread from heaven, and with water out of the smitten rock, and upholding us amid the swellings of Jordan, that we may enter at last into that rest which remaineth for Thy faithful people. *Amen.*

—*The Book of Common Worship.*

ARE YOU IN TOUCH WITH YOUR LORD?

There is a beautiful poem whose writer is unknown, but which voices a thought familiar to many hearts and carries its message with it.

"Only a smile, yes, only a smile,
That a woman o'erburdened with grief
Expected from you; 'twould have given relief,
For her heart was sore the while;
But weary and cheerless she went away,
Because, as it happened that very day,
You were out of touch with your Lord.

"Only a word, yes, only a word,
That the Spirit's small voice whispered 'Speak,'
But the worker passed onward unblessed and weak,
Whom you were meant to have stirred
To courage, devotion and love anew,
Because when the message came to you
You were out of touch with your Lord.

"Only a note, yes, only a note
To a friend in a distant land;
The Spirit said 'Write,' but then you had planned
Some different work, and you thought
It mattered little. You did not know
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe—
You were out of touch with your Lord.

"Only a song, yes, only a song
That the Spirit said 'Sing to-night—
Thy voice is the Master's by purchased right,'
But you thought 'mid this motley throng
I care not to sing of the city of gold.

And the heart that your words might have touched
grew cold—
You were out of touch with your Lord.

"Only a day, yes, only a day,
But oh! can you guess, my friend,
Where the influence reaches and where it will end,
Of the hours that you frittered away?
The Master's command is 'Abide in me!'
And fruitless and vain will your service be
If out of touch with your Lord."

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